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Weekly Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

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After the Debauch.

Asleep by the wayside! the night hath been long,
Vile was revel, yet viler the song,
Do not disturb her,—poor waif of the dust:—
Christ! that her sleep were the sleep of the just.

Oh, it is sorrowful! she is not old,—
Yet, is the silver usurping the gold!
Where, in their purity, lilies have shone,
Sin, with its shadow, hath marked her its own.

Haste-not the waking:—too soon it will come;
Hist! she is dreaming of childhood and home;—
The woods and the meadows,—of brooklets and flowers,—
Ghosts of the vanished, but innocent hours!

'Mother' she whispers: Oh, God! that the name
Might burn on the lips of the daughter of shame
Till the soul, that is shrined in its temple within,
Should purge to its depths from the burden of sin.

Asleep by the wayside! Thou soul of the world,
Take up the stone, if thou wilt, to be hurled;—
Yet, under the law of the pure Nazarene,—
First let the hand that would hurl it be clean.

Asleep by the wayside! Oh daughter of shame,
Who but thy Maker shall measure the blame?
Soiled, and bestained by the shadows of night,
Once were thy garments as pure as the light.

Proud of thine honor, and proud of thy birth:
Pride of the heart that encircled the hearth:
Fashion bent to thee, and thought thee divine:
Wealth was thy portion, and beauty was thine.

Prone, by the wayside, in squalor and dirt:
Fashion sweeps by, with a gathering skirt,
And a shudder of fright—lest it see, by the way,
Itself, but too plain in this mirror of clay.

Oh, but the skies must be weary and sick
Of our hollowest words, when of justice we speak!
Since ever it is that our lashes are swung
At the back of the victim, and not at the wrong.

Despised by the wayside the harlot is found,
While the maker of harlots is fetted and crowned
By the hand of the mothers who nurture the flame
That fills up the ranks of the daughters of shame!

The roses are fading; the lilies have come;
The eyelids are sealing; the thin lips are dumb;
Only one word—'tis of him that betrayed;
And dead by the wayside the harlot is laid.

Dead by the wayside! the night will be long!
Wake her ye cannot with revel or song;
Bear a hand tenderly—take her away,
None but her Maker shall judge her to day.

Set the white headstone, yet spare her the name,
Chisel no word that shall tell of the shame!
Finger of charity, write on the stone
'She was but human,'—and leave her alone.

A HEAVY BURDEN.

'Rather a heavy burden, isn't it my boy?'

Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked toward the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than 25—and he was bookkeeper to Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of 50, who had spoken.

'A heavy burden, isn't it?' the merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger, with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

'My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it.'

'Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you.'

'Ah, Clarence!'

'I certainly do not.'

'Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?'

Clarence nodded assent.

'And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy, and I've no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own.'

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown a cause of anger. The first had been a look and tone; then a flash of impatience; then a raising of the voice; then another look; the voice grew higher; the reason was unhinged; passion gained way and the twain lost sight of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching down deep in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house and caught sight of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more; he thought how miserable he had been all the morning; and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

'Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?'

The bookkeeper knew that his employer was his friend and that he was a true-hearted Christian man; and, after a pause, he answered, 'Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden.'

'My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend.

'Not at all,' said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him a new pain.

'In the first place,' pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, 'you love your wife?'

'Love her? Yes, passionately.'

'And do you think she loves you in return?'

'I don't think anything about it—I know!'

'You know she loves you?'

'Yes.'

'Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at heart?'

'Of course not.'

'It was but a surface-squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry?'

A moment's hesitation, and then—'Yes, yes; I am heartily sorry.'

'Now mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly: Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you are!'

'I can not doubt it.'

'And don't you think she is suffering all this time?'

'Yes.'

'Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing part of the burden?'

'Yes, I know that.'

'And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of the burden is lodged?'

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wonderingly.

'If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?'

Clarence assented.

'But,' continued Mr. Wardle, 'you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return?'

The young man bowed his head as he replied in the affirmative.

'Because,' the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, 'you are resolved to carry it there!'

Clarence looked up in surprise.

'I—I carry it?'

'Aye; you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I have been there and know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered, until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved you will go to dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why? Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know? Because it is not in your heart to sweep the cold away. You say to yourself, 'I can bear it as long as she can!' 'Am I not right?'

Clarence did not answer in words.

'I know I am right,' pursued the merchant; 'and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So Clarence, you see it does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but on the inability to bear the burden. By-and-bye it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife falls first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keenest and most sensitive. The husband in such a case acts the part of a coward. When he might with a breath blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers until his wife is forced to let the sunlight through her breaking heart.'

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected on the past, and he called to his mind scenes just as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden; how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for her error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts, and after a time he rose and touched him upon the arm.

'Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be with this thought, you should enter your abode with a smile upon your face, and you should put your arms around your wife's neck and kiss her, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?'

'Repulse me?'

'Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you to be so much of a man? Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear she would respect and esteem you less for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it!'

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen and in the bed-chamber, and sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes, her husband entered, and a smile upon his face, She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. He came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her; and he said to her in broken accents, 'Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.'

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshiped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

'We will share it so evenly,' said he 'that its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my darling, we will be happy!'

'Always!'

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eyes, and in that joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of the gloomy morning.

'Ah!' said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, 'that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me.'

'And it serves you yet, my boy?'

'Aye, and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They can not find lodgment with us. The flash and jar may come as in the other days—for we are human, you know—but the heart, which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding place to the ill-feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish; but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off; we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden.

Results of Seeming Incidents.

The haphazard of life and death was illustrated in many ways by the Tay bridge calamity, Scotland. One lady, who traveled with her maid, had ordered a cab for the morning train, which reached its destination in safety, but the cabman overslept, and they were obliged to take the next train—the one which was buried in the quicksands at the bottom of the river. Another instance of train-missing turned out more happily. A gentleman was determined to go to Dundee, notwithstanding his wife's entreaties, and that prudent lady took pains to have the cabman behind time, so that her husband lost the ill-fated train. He was angry at the time, but is reconciled to the situation now, and entertains a favorable opinion of his wife's weather wisdom. Another man lost his life through the business shrewdness of the girl to whom he was engaged. He was visiting at her house in Edinburgh, and was anxious to remain until Monday, but she persuaded him to return rather than incur the displeasure of his employers by breaking with them.

Curious Russian Customs.

It is a curious thing that among the Russians the father and mother of an infant not only can not stand as sponsors for it, but they are not allowed to be present at its baptism. The godfather and godmother, by answering for the child, become related to it and to each other, and a lady and gentleman who have stood as sponsors to the same child, are not allowed to marry each other. In christening, the priest takes the child, which is quite naked, and, holding it by the head, so that his thumb and finger stop the orifices of the ear, he dips it thrice into the water; he cuts off a small portion of the hair, which he twists up with a little wax from the tapers, and throws into the font; then, anointing the baby's breast, hands and feet with the holy oil, and making the sign of the cross with the same on the forehead, he concludes by a prayer and benediction.

A Quietus Put Upon Him.

A sad misfortune lately befell a New Orleans judge. It is related of him that, as he was riding in the cars, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady at his side, he imagined that he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered, 'Yes.' 'Why do you wear a vail?' 'Lest I attract gentlemen.' 'It is the province of gentlemen to admire,' replied the gallant man of law. 'Not when they are married.' 'But I am not.' 'Indeed!' 'Oh, no; I'm a bachelor.' The lady quietly removed her vail, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law. He has been a raving maniac ever since.

Propagation of Oysters.

In his lecture at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, on the structure and development of the oyster, Dr. Brooks gave his audience a few practical points in relation to the propagation and habits of the bivalves. Many people suppose that the oyster, like Topsey, 'jess growed,' but Dr. Brooks, whose association with Prof. Agassiz and his own intimate acquaintance with biology makes him an authority on this point, affirms that the oyster is propagated after the fashion of a great many animals. The eggs of the female oyster, he says, are the overgrown cells of the ovarian tribes. When the eggs have obtained their natural size they are discharged from the tubes and swept out by a receding current of water from the gills. From the gills of the oyster they are discharged from the shell and are deposited in different places, chiefly upon smooth, hard substances. The eggs when discharged are irregularly-shaped substances, only visible to a well-trained eye. The change which the egg undergoes when being transformed into the oyster is remarkable for its rapidity, sometimes taking two hours and sometimes four days. A minute or so after the affiliation of the egg and the male cells, the former from a round mass becomes elongated and then by a second transformation becomes partially divided into three portions. The next stage is the actual division of the egg into three disconnected globular portions and these are subdivided into five portions. At the last stage these five distinct portions affiliate again in the shape of the oyster, three portions forming the cell and two the oyster. The shell is first formed in the shape of a ridge, but gradually expands and at length envelopes the oyster. At this stage the oyster is in an embryo state. It is like the oysters we eat, except that it is possessed of a few hairs with which it swims close to the surface of the water for a few hours, until its digestive muscular organs fully develop, then it seeks a smooth hard substance, attaches itself to it and remains sedentary for the rest of its life. The food of the oyster after it becomes sedentary consists of microscopic animal and vegetable matter. The sea water contains much of this and it is drawn in the gills of the oyster by a peculiar power of suction. The mouth always remains open and the food entering is naturally sucked into the gills and proceeds down the œsaphagus into the stomach.

A $20,000 Whisper.

Nearly twenty years ago, when Count Alberti was secretary of the Italian embassy at Paris, some high play was going on one night at the Cercle des Mirlitans, then in the Rue de Grammont, M. K——, now a member of the Chamber, and the Duke of C——taking the bank.

They were 100,000 francs ahead when M. K——, who had first shuffled the cards, glancing at the small stakes on the table—it was late and most of the heavy betters had retired—whispered to his partner: 'Pity I wasted time on this deal; we should have stopped, for there's nothing left to win—there's nothing here but Italians.'

Count Alberti heard the whisper and said calmly, 'I'll go hundred thousand on this hand.'

The dealer, somewhat surprised, dealt the cards. He had eight.

Count Alberti showed his—nine! put the stakes in his pocket, bowed politely and left the club, having vindicated the honor of his country and made $20,000.

A Fortune for a College.

Franklin and Marshall college, at Lancaster, Pa., is about to come into possession of landed property valued at $90,000. The property has been acquired in this way: Many years ago Mr. Wilhelm, a wealthy gentleman of Somerset county, Pa., bequeathed several farms to the college. A law of Pennsylvania states that all deeds or legacies of properties made for the use of religious or educational institutions, if not executed within thirty days before the donors' or testators' demise, are in consequence rendered null and void. A neglect to comply with this law seemed very likely to vitiate the claim of the college. There were several peculiar circumstances, however, favorable to the claims of the college, and suits were about to be commenced in court, when a compromise was effected, whereby the college comes into full possession by deed of landed property amounting to at least $90,000.

The Government Pensioners.

At the end of the present fiscal year the commissioner of pensions estimates that there will be 250,000 applications for pensions pending and unacted upon. The pensioners upon the rolls to-day number 241,755, so that the applicants even yet outnumber the actual beneficiaries. The pension roll was increased by 18 757 names during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1879, and at the same rates for next year it will be increased between 30,000 and 40,000 names, even without new legislation to increase it. As Senator Davis, of West Virginia, has said, 'Within the next decade, if the same rate of increase continues, the pension roll will be doubled, and it will require from $60,000,000 to $80,000,000 annually to be appropriated for the payment of pensions.'

The Trouble in the Imperial Family.

The statement that the peace party is again dominant in Russia and that Count Schouvaloff again has good prospects of obtaining a position in which he will be able to exercise great influence in framing Russia's foreign policy, has led to some explanation of the causes which have kept the count from earlier maintaining a superior position among the counselors of the czar. Schouvaloff's bitterest enemy at the court of St. Petersburg is generally supposed to be the Princess Dolgorouki, a lady-in-waiting, whose father has long been on terms of hostility with Schouvaloff, and whose relations to the emperor have passed out of the domain of gossip and will some day have their niche in history. The St. Petersburg correspondent of a Parisian journal, discusses them in the following terms; 'The real cause of the dissension in the imperial family has never yet been made public. Here is the plain truth. Despite his white hair, Alexander II. is and has been for some time desperately enamored of the Princess Catharine Dolgorouki, one of the youngest and most beautiful ladies of his court. The czar has never been able to endure a separation from the princess and the child that was born to her. The latter he has long wished to legitimatize, and has formally desired that the boy should be recognized by his family. To this the empress, and the czarwitch and the grand dukes have declined to accede. The czarine determined to leave Russia and find at Cannes a refuge from the insult offered her. The czarwitch has avoided the winter palace as much as possible. The influence of the Princess Dolgorouki has daily grown stronger in the czar's household. It has been persistently used to oppose the cause of freedom and reform. The emperior has yielded so completely to its fascinations that he has lately shown anxiety to obtain a divorce from the empress and to marry the princess. Such an act would hasten his abdication, for the fair lady in waiting is not of imperial stock, and Russian traditions are rigid on the point. In this dilemma the czar stands to-day. Everywhere he sees enemies, and chiefly in his own family. In a word, it is the Princess Dolgorouki and her unfortunate influence which caused the empress' departure for Cannes, and the absence of the czarwitch from the fetes of St. George. It is she who provokes the czar to resistance and repression. It is she who raises the barrier between father and son.' A Parisian correspondent of the *Abendblatt* adds: 'In political circles it is believed that the czar's abdication is only a question of time; and that, if the empress dies, the emperor will at once contract a morganatic marriage with the Princess Dolgorouki.'

Typical Californian Story.

One of the latest of strange occurrences came to pass a few days ago on the steamer Contra Costa, plying between Vallejo and a point opposite, on the Martinez railroad. As the passengers from this city en route to Vallejo were scrambling on to the boat, a lady needing a little assistance with her packages, received it from a Mr. G., a grain speculator of San Francisco, who was going to Vallejo on a visit. On the lady reaching the cabin, conversation ensued, during which each learned that the other was from Kentucky, and from the very same town. In answer to his inquiry the lady gave Mr. G., her name, when the latter claimed her as his own wife. The lady thinking the gentleman either a maniac or an adventurer, plied him with questions, the answers to which convinced her that Mr. G. was her husband and none other. The two had married in 1858, and about a year after the husband started for Liverpool. The vessel was wrecked, and crew and passengers were supposed to have been lost. The husband was picked up and taken to a foreign port, where he lay ill for fifteen months. Meanwhile his wife came to California, and all traces of her were lost by the husband. Although search has been made, he had never found her until this reunion took place in the manner described. The happy couple proceeded to Vallejo, when the mother introduced a young lady to her husband as his daughter.

A Woman who Married Three Wives.

Australia is greatly exercised respecting a woman who has for many years passed herself off as a man and who has married several wives. In 1857 a girl bearing the name of Ellen Treymane came to Melbourne in the Ocean Monarch. On her arrival she married a fellow passenger of the name of Mary Delahunty and assumed herself the name of Edward De Lacy Evans. Mary having died, she married Sarah Moore, and on the death of Sarah she married Julia Maynard. Julia is still alive, but Miss Edward De Lacy Evans having gone mad has been confined in the Kew lunatic asylum, where his or her sex was discovered, owing to each inmate being forced to take a bath. The curious circumstance connected with this case is that not one of the wives revealed the imposition that had been practiced upon her; nor did the miners with whom Miss Edward worked for above twenty years ever suspect that she was a woman.

The First Paper Maker.

Who was the first paper maker? If the reply to this query should be, as is quite likely, that some old-time inventive genius was the man, it will be incorrect. The date of the invention and the founding of paper making is not definitely known. The common wasp was, however, the inventor. The big wasp's nest, which was always kept at a safe distance, and often knocked down with a stone during the rambles of boyhood, was composed of actual paper of the most delicate and elegant kind. As spiders were spinners of gossamer webs of intricate and exquisite patern when primitive man went about dressed in the shaggy skins of beasts, and could neither spin nor weave the beautiful and fine cloth fabrics of to-day, so little wasps, when people of the later and somewhat more advanced age had recourse to such rude and unsatisfactory substance as wood, stone and brass, the bark of trees, and the hides of animals, on which to preserve memoranda, were making a material of far greater excellence.

They made their paper, too, by very nearly the same process employed by man at the present time. Indeed, several of our best discoveries in regard to building, architecture, and manufactures of various kinds, if they have not been derived from acute observation of the work of certain animals, including insects, have, when compared with their constructions and their manner of making them, been found to show a wonderfully close resemblance. The beaver gave men their earliest and most serviceable knowledge concerning dam building, and to-day no workman can surpass this animal's skill and precision in the erection of such structures.

Nature is a great teacher, and especially does the paper making of the wasp illustrate how valuably suggestive she may sometimes be; for, assuredly, the wasp was the first to show that it did not always require rags to manufacture paper, that vege able fibers answered for this purpose and could be reduced to a pulp, and that to make the paper strong and tenacious, the fibers must be long.

The first thing the wasps do, when about to build a nest, is to collect, with preference for old and dry wood fibers, about one-tenth of an inch long, and finer than a hair, and put them into bundles, which they increase as they continue on their way. These fibers they bruise into a sort of lint, and cement with a sizing of glue, after which they knead the material into paste, like papiermache, and roll up a ball; this they trample with their feet into a leaf as thin as tissue paper.

The ceiling of the wasp's chamber, to the thickness of nearly two inches, is often constructed by putting one above another, fifteen or sixteen layers or sheets of this prepared paper, and between these layers spaces are left, so that it seems as if a number of little shells had been laid near one another. Next they build up a terrace composed of an immense number of paper shells, until a light and elegant structure, like a honeycomb, has been constructed, and in the cells thus formed they rear their young.

What was Paid for Illinois.

The Chicago *Tribune* prints an old document of considerable historic interest. It is a deed or convey ance of land bearing date July 20, 1773. The parties of the first part in the transaction are 10 Indian chiefs of the different tribes of the Illinois nation of Indians, representing all of them, and the parties of the second part are twenty-two white men of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, Penn., and London, England. The premises conveyed by the Indians to these white men are two several tracts of land, viz.: First, the tract now commonly known as Southern Illinois, and, second, the remainder of the state to the northern border, and a portion of southern Wisconsin. The consideration for this immense tract of land, including the whole of the state of Illinois and a good part of Wisconsin, is thus expressed in the deed: 'Two hundred and sixty strouds, 250 blankets, 350 shirts, 150 pairs of stroud and half-thick stockings, 150 stroud breech-cloths, 500 pounds gunpowder, 4,000 pounds of lead, one gross of knives, 30 pounds of vermilion, 2,000 gun-flints, 200 pounds of brass kettles, 200 pounds of tobacco, 3 dozen gilt looking-glasses, 1 gross of gun-worms, 2 gross of awls, 1 gross of fire-steels, 16 dozens of gartering, 10,000 pounds of flour, 500 bushels of Indian corn. 12 horses, 12 horned cattle, 20 bushels of salt, and 20 guns, the receipt whereo we do hereby acknowledge.' These articles having been 'paid and delivered in full council,' the deed was signed and executed before a French notary public at Kaskaskia Village.

A Boston lady, whose husband was frequently afflicted with nightmare, was one night awakened by a noise and to her horror saw her husband sitting up in bed saying in a wisper, 'Now I have him, he can't escape!' and pointing his pistol at an imaginary burglar. His finger was on the trigger and he was aiming directly at the head of the baby in its cradle. Quick as lightning his wife said in a low tone: 'Too low! aim higher!' He raised the pistol, she snatched it from his hand and the danger was over.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Orange culture is increasing around Mobile, Alabama.

There is one officer to every ten soldiers in the army.

An old offender, who has been in the state prison several times, is a man of conviction.

The treasury of the state of North Carolina has funded between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000 of old bonds in new four per cents, bearing interest from July, 1880.

Subscriptions are being obtained at Augusta, Ga., for the formation of a company, with a capitol of $500,000 to build a new cotton mill, to be located on the canal.

The culture of frogs is quite an important industry in Illinois, where one man has over an acre and a quarter of land, on which he is breeding 290,000 dozen of frogs of all ages for the Chicago and Cincinnati markets.

In China a native pastor who carries on a Baptist church has recently baptized one hundred and thirty converts. About half of these are women. Thirty or forty of the women traveled fifty miles in wheelbarrows to be baptized.

A telegram received from Commander Gorringe announces the discovery of Masonic emblems in the foundation of the obelisk at Alexandria, under the pedestal on which it was set up by the Romans. Drawings were made and the emblems were preserved as they were found.

There were nearly five hundred 'mysterious disappearances' in the United States last year, and in many cases no trace of the missing party was ever found. In connection with these statistics is the statement that a large majority of those who disappeared and left no clue behind were married men.

C. Lopez, a cigar manufacturer in Columbus, Ga., who is seventy-nine years of age, has recently received from Spain a letter from his father, who is now 112 years old and still hale and hearty. He served for forty years in the armies of Spain, and is now a retired officer on a pension of $125 a month.

Mr. Ernest Hart, the advocate of kitchen economy, gave in London a dinner recently. He had a clear soup, roasted herrings with mustard sauce, curried eggs, scalloped lobster, beef with beans, turnips with gravy sauce, mince pie and an ice. The whole dinner, which was excellent, cost for each person sixteen cents.

A Leadville, Col., dispatch says a party of Western capitalists, headed by Col. D. P. Dyer, of St. Louis, purchased, yesterday, the Glass, the Pendary, and the Rough and Ready No. 2 mines, three of the richest deposits yet developed in that region, for $5,000,000. This is the largest sale of mining property that has yet been made in Leadville.

The widow of ex-President Tyler has asked Congress for a pension, on the ground of the immense depression in the value of her real estate, the mortgages on her Northern property having been foreclosed, and those on her Southern property constantly troubling her. She says: 'I find I have scarcely anything whatever left to live upon.'

Mrs. Margaret Tumy, whose case has created widespread interest, died in Cincinnati. She lived a full month with no food excepting two beans. She believed that her stomach was entirely gone, and refused to take any sustenance. Her last words, spoken almost lower than a breath, were, 'Bread! Bread!' When it was offered to her, however, she refused to take it.

A bridal party in a St. Louis justice's office lacked the bridegroom. He had quarreled with the bride, and, after waiting an hour after the appointed time, she told her friends that probably he did not mean to come at all. Thereupon an old admirer offered to take the missing man's place. The woman hesitated, but fifteen minutes of vigorous courtship won her consent, and the ceremony was performed.

As the New York ferry-boat Fulton was entering the slip on the Brooklyn side, William M. White an old experienced pilot, fell dead at his post. He was alone in the pilot house, and had his death occurred five minutes later the boat, with a thousand passengers, would have been in mid stream without a pilot to direct the helm. The event has created a demand that there should be two pilots on duty on ferry-boats.

The Little Rock, Ark., *Gazette* says: There is now living in Morrillton, Conway county, this state, a woman who has been married fourteen times. She is now sixty-five years old, and, matrimonially speaking, she has been remarkably successful. Her fourteenth husband is now living, but it is not known how soon he may drop off, and, considering the epidemic that has raged among his predecessors, his position is one of extreme danger.

A Boston paper says that in August last a dealer in that city sold 25,000 yards of cloth to a New York manufacturer of umbrellas. The cloth being poor, the New Yorker returned it, and the goods were packed away. Last week according to the same authority, the New Yorker went to Boston for much-needed supplies, which are difficult to obtain, and actually bought of the Boston man the same 25,000 yards of cloth at an advance of twenty per cent.